

GIRL ROBBED BY BEDFORD GANG

Miss May Harper Attacked by Two Well-Dressed Ruffians While on Her Way to a Church Fair in Fashionable Brooklyn.

KNOCKED DOWN AND BRUTALLY ASSAULTED.

Ex-Comptroller Coler Forms a Vigilance Committee to Hunt Assailants—Police Do Not Make Any Effort in the Case.

A brutal assault on May Harper, the eighteen-year-old daughter of George W. Harper, a wealthy broker, of No. 1401 Dean street, Brooklyn, last night by two well-dressed young ruffians, believed to be members of the notorious Bedford gang of well-dressed young thugs, was followed by the organization of a vigilance committee in the New York Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, of which the girl was a member.

In the criminal records of Brooklyn there isn't a case the equal of this one for devilish brutality. This pretty young girl, on her way to a church fair with a basket of flowers she meant to sell for the benefit of a worthy charity, was set upon by these two boys, knocked down, kicked so fiercely about the face and body that she is disfigured and scarcely able to move to-day, and then left more dead than alive to crawl to the church parsonage for help.

In Fashionable Brooklyn. All of this occurred in the midst of a fashionable residence section of Brooklyn and a few minutes before 8 o'clock in the evening. Miss Harper had preceded her father and mother to the church because she was to take a place in the flower booth at the fair. The church is at New York avenue and Dean street, and with a basket containing some flowers, a vase in which to put them, and her pocketbook, with \$2 in it, she went straight toward the church when she left the house.

At that time she noticed two young men on the opposite side of the street, but paid little attention to them, as they were well dressed and seemed more than nineteen or twenty years old. When Miss Harper was within a few feet of the parsonage of the church the young men crossed the street and came up behind her. One of them threw his arm around her neck and forced her to the ground. The other tried to take the basket from her, but she held on tightly. Then both of them started to kick her. They kicked her in the face and about the body, and when she still held on to one of them dug his heel into her mouth, loosening several of her teeth.

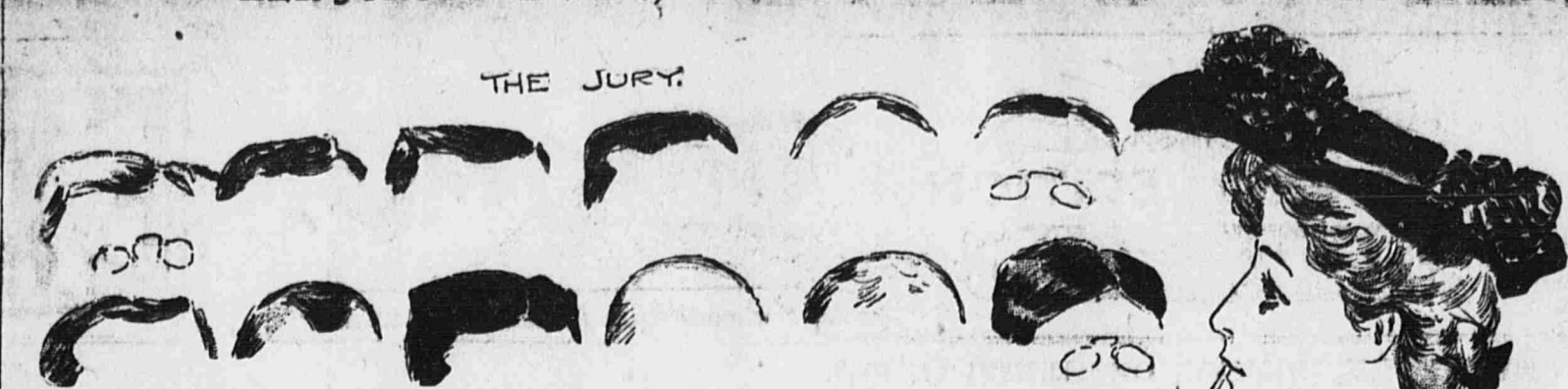
When Miss Harper let go the basket. One of the boys took this, while the other tried to loosen a diamond pin which the girl wore at her neck. At that moment two women, who had witnessed the entire affair from the opposite side of the street, but hadn't the courage to interfere, set up a terrible shrieking, and the villainous youths, without loss of time, started to run away. A dozen feet away they dropped the basket.

The girl managed to drag herself to the parsonage, where she rang the bell and then sank in a heap on the ground. Mr. Coler and his wife were in the parsonage and were summoned to the door by a servant. Miss Harper was carried in and a doctor summoned. As soon as she told her story Miss Harper was taken home, and then Mr. Coler and the young men formed a vigilance committee and started out to find the men who had assaulted her.

They had accurate descriptions of them, but although they were assisted by two detectives from the Bergen street station and kept up the search half the night they didn't find them.

Police Go to Sleep on the Case. The Rev. Frank J. McConnell, pastor of the New York Avenue Methodist Church, and the members of his congregation were very indignant to-day over the report displayed by the police in running down the assailants. Miss Harper, on the blotter of the Atlantic avenue station there is a note made by Detective Mulroy that Miss Harper knows one of her assailants, but will not give his name, and that the Harper family want the police to drop the case.

MABEL PARKER, ON TRIAL FOR FORGERY, AND THE TOPS OF HER JURORS' HEADS, SKETCHED BY HERSELF IN COURT TO-DAY.



"FORGER QUEEN" REPORTS HER RAIL

(Continued from First Page.)

me, he was tearing away from me, letting by letter, my good name. Then the ingenious little prosecutor complimented me on my amazing cleverness—a stinging little compliment. Then he dragged my husband into the case, and by a specious closing over of facts made me appear as the real culprit, clothing me with masculine aggressiveness and attributing to me a knowledge of commercial details that makes my head swim.

Bill Peabody, Honest Fly Cop.

Mr. Train read his long story of my crime from a voluminous document, mostly made up of affidavits of detectives—one describing my effort to—yes, actually seduce a "fly cop," as he called it from the pen of another detective. "Bill" Peabody, and persuade him to join me in a career of crime. Really, I never thought I had such extraordinary boldness as to attempt to seduce a "fly cop," a path of honesty must be a little one, judging from the breadth of his tread.

At last when the prosecutor had finished, Mrs. Albee Kauch, a heavy, round faced woman, in a ponderous guttural voice identified the check which I am accused of forging her name to. Then they called a man named John T. Williams, an employee of the Lincoln National Bank, who said he had identified the check in question. I presume their evidence, coming out in this way, formed the links of the chain they were forging for me.

Next, a dapper, little dark skinned man, Charles L. Wolski, clerk or something for Charles A. Kearns, a jeweler, at No. 130 Broadway, announced himself in the witness chair and told more about that awful check.

Mr. Train laboring with many questions, drew from him that my husband had taken this check to him on Aug. 2, 1903, and purchased for it a diamond ring, getting in exchange, \$100 for the witnesses have not reached me, and I am still nervous over the dragging of the testimony.

Couldn't Smile at Jim.

They soon brought in Jim, my husband, for the witness to identify. Jim seemed pale, but not nervous. One's nerves soon steady after the ordeal become monotonous. I tried to smile at him, but somehow the smile wouldn't come, even if I tried to take the corners of the mouth.

William A. Peabody, who they declare is an employee of the court, was called to the stand. He has a choppy way of talking, like all detectives.

He, with many hints and haws, how he had trailed me from Police Headquarters, where I had visited my husband, to my flat, at No. 110 West Thirty-eighth street, on Aug. 15 last. He told me he would not reveal his "graff" as he did not wish to mix up with a "tart," meaning me (a sweet bit of slang).

He continued, in his harsh, slangy way, that I had invited him to my apartment and suggested a way of making \$500. He pictured me in my crude way as a really, cold-blooded young person full of schemes to rob, forge and commit various crimes. He told an elaborate plan I suggested for robbing the safe of a business house, securing ample checks and forging all manner of signatures. He said I said I could forge any name I wanted to after a few minutes' practice.

Now there followed a recital of the various orders and "degrees" I passed through at Police Headquarters. But he said I had confessed to obtaining a diamond pin from Benedict Bros. on another Alice Kauch check for \$200, later pawning the ring for \$100.

Here Mr. Train called Mr. Peabody's attention to a roll of bills—\$500—I had carelessly displayed, and Mr. Peabody had carefully taken possession of on our little journey to Police Headquarters. Mr. Train produced a very neat little roll of \$500, and could see the witness's fingers tremble as he clutched it, identified it and let go of it. Mr. Train tossed it as if it had been a faded "two" on the table; but Mr. Train, as I hear, married into the Vanderbilt family.

He Used Such Slang. He said I asked him "what his graft was," (those ingenious of me). He said he had told me he would not reveal his "graff" as he did not wish to mix up with a "tart," meaning me (a sweet bit of slang).

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Loved Her Husband Dearly.

The detective admitted reluctantly that I had told him I loved my husband dearly. He said also that I had told him if Jim were sent to jail I would go down to the District-Attorney's office and confess that I forged the checks.

Mr. Peabody stated that I had offered to go to the partnership with him, but he did not dare to say that I had ever manifested a sign of disloyalty toward him.

Peabody was allowed to go then and Mr. Train called Mrs. Florence W. Kauch, the woman who kept the boarding-house at No. 110 West Thirty-eighth street, where Jim and I lived before we were arrested.

After spending thousands and thousands of dollars trying to get evidence against the operators of gambling-houses District-Attorney Jerome admitted to-day before Judge McMahon, in Part I, General Sessions, that the twenty-five indictments against gamblers now waiting for trial had been brought without a possibility of conviction following.

The indictments hinged in every case on evidence furnished by Jerome's detectives and the members of the police force. More than that, the District-Attorney appeared before the Court and asked for a discharge of all the men who had been arrested.

Among the twenty-five men indicted are the following cases: The raid on Frank Farrell's place at No. 33 West Thirty-third street on Nov. 26, 1902. One arrest was made at that time, Samuel G. Smith, the outside man. About a year ago "Paddy the Pig," otherwise Clarence O'Brien, suffered from a raid at his place, Thirty-sixth street and Sixth avenue. Paddy was indicted. Jack McAuliffe, the pugilist, and Charles P. Thurber, of No. 12 Centre street, were also indicted in later raids. Joe Young, of No. 259 West Thirty-ninth street; Pat Powers, of No. 290 West Thirty-third street, and Ed Kane, of No. 161 West Forty-seventh street, are also included in the number of arrests.

Judge McMahon granted the request of the District-Attorney and discharged the twenty-five men held.

HAY HAS NOT IMPROVED.

Secretary Still in Bed and Poor Weather Retards Recovery. WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—Secretary Hay's condition continues unchanged. The rather inclement weather operates to prevent any substantial gain toward recovery. It is said, he probably would have been able to leave his bed before this.

TWO MACS IN CONFERENCE.

Senator McCarran Calls on the Mayor-Elect.

Senator Patrick H. McCarran, of Brooklyn, went to Washington to-day to confer with Mayor-Elect McClellan on the Brooklyn appointments to be made under the new administration.

With her bump of locality sadly twisted as the result of a two-hour session in the rear of a Sixth avenue saloon with an old friend she hadn't seen for years, Mrs. Kennedy, a good-looking young woman, aged in front of No. 181 East Twenty-eighth street at 1 o'clock last night, heard a sign of relief and remarked:

"I guess this is the place at last."

Mrs. Kennedy was looking for a furnished room that she had somewhere on Twenty-eighth street earlier in the day. She had difficulty in finding it, but No. 181 had all the ear marks of being the right place, so she made her uncertain way up the front steps, opened the door and went in.

"Let's see, now," soliloquized Mrs. Kennedy. "I'm the second floor front." To the second floor front she went, undressed and went to bed.

An hour later Mrs. Kate Gross, who occupies the house, finished up the downstairs work and decided to go to bed. Her bedroom is on the second floor front. When she saw a woman's clothing scattered about the room and found Mrs. Kennedy snoozing peacefully in her bed she was somewhat surprised. She shook Mrs. Kennedy, but Mrs. Kennedy declined to be aroused.

The policeman was a bit shy. She went and got Policeman Allison, of the Tenderloin station. When she explained the situation the policeman said it was a very delicate job, but he would do his best.

The policeman found very soon that it was no very delicate job. Mrs. Kennedy refused to yield to polite persuasion, she ignored a shaking and scorned the Madison Square tattoo when Allison played it on an angle by her feet. At the end of an hour Allison decided that he would have to be adopted.

So he had Mrs. Gross wrap up sleeping woman in a blanket, and then he turned her out of bed and rolled her over and over on the floor.

By 9:30 o'clock Mrs. Kennedy stirred. At 9:30 she opened her eyes. At 9:33 she saw that it was the bummiest boarding-house she had ever been in and she would leave in the morning.

"You leave now," said Mrs. Gross, who was sitting up in bed. "I'll be there in the morning." Mrs. Kennedy, who was sitting up in bed, said: "I'll be there in the morning." Mrs. Kennedy, who was sitting up in bed, said: "I'll be there in the morning."

Just a Drop of Beer. To-day she was arraigned before Magistrate Pool in the Yorkville Police Court.

Just two glasses of mixed ale, Judge, as I hope for heaven, she explained. I must have been drugged. It's a shame to treat a lady who pays for her room in such a way, that's what it is.

"Have you a husband?" asked the Court.

"Sure," said Mrs. Kennedy. "I'm a respectable woman. I am. My husband lives at No. 22 East Fifth street, but he's sick and can't work, so I left him. I was looking for work when I met this lady friend of mine and she says to me, 'say she'."

She said I asked him "what his graft was," (those ingenious of me). He said he had told me he would not reveal his "graff" as he did not wish to mix up with a "tart," meaning me (a sweet bit of slang).

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LAMAR GETS A SETBACK.

Brother-in-Law's Writ of Habeas Corpus Dissolved. NEWARK, Dec. 11.—United States Circuit Court Judge Andrew Kirkpatrick dissolved to-day the writ of habeas corpus issued two days ago for the discharge of Bernard Smith, Smith is the brother-in-law of Lamar, and the proceedings relate to the famous Lamar-McMahon case.

Mr. Kallach, attorney for Mr. Smith, took an appeal which was allowed by the Judge. Bail in the sum of \$100 was furnished at once for the appearance of the prisoner in Trenton on Monday.

GUNBOAT CASTINE FLOATED.

Gets Off Sand Shoal in Delaware River Apparently Unharmed. PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11.—The gunboat Castine, which ran aground in the Delaware River to-day, was floated this afternoon by the tug Banquet. She is apparently unharmed, and is expected to continue her trip to Colon by way of Key West.

JAMES MCGREERY & CO.

Sterling Silver Novelties. Novelty Toilet articles, silver deposit Cologne bottles, Salts bottles, powder puff boxes. Hair brushes, Cloths and hat brushes, flasks, cigar, cigarette and match cases mounted with French grey Sterling Silver.

On Saturday, Dec. 12.

Peach blown glass vases, ornamented with heavy silver deposit.

2.75 Value 3.75

Prism cut powder puff boxes with heavy, sterling silver covers.

2.25 Value 2.75

Eau de Cologne bottles, mounted with Sterling silver deposit.

1.00 each.

Twenty-third Street.

Sale of Men's

House Coats & Blanket Robes

House Coats

of double-faced cloth; collar, cuffs and pockets trimmed with reverse side of cloth,

\$4.95, value \$6.00.

Blanket Robes

in a large variety of color combinations,

\$4.95, value \$6.00.

Blanket Robes, large variety of designs and combinations,

\$7.95.

Imported Velveteen & Matelasse Jackets,

\$11.75 to \$21.75.

Imported Matelasse Gowns,

\$25.00 to \$45.00.

Lord & Taylor.

Broadway and Twentieth St. and Fifth Ave.

New Entrance on 19th Street.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

I WILL GIVE A HANDSOME UNBREAKABLE COMB FREE

to everybody purchasing one of my famous brushes. Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush will make a very acceptable present. The brush cures all dandruff, keeps the hair clean and healthy, and is a most reliable and useful article. It will also cure nervous and indigestion. Buy one for \$2.00 and you will get the comb free. The brush is made of the finest materials and is guaranteed to last for years. It is a most useful and reliable article. Buy one for \$2.00 and you will get the comb free. The brush is made of the finest materials and is guaranteed to last for years. It is a most useful and reliable article. Buy one for \$2.00 and you will get the comb free.

Dr. Geo. A. Scott.

870 Broadway, N. Y.

Between 15th and 16th Streets.

Branch of Ave. A and 4th St. ESTABLISHED 1873.

Laundry Wants—Male.

Help Wanted—Female.

ONLY ONE GIANT can be the tallest. Only one newspaper can have the largest New York City circulation. THE WORLD is that one. It has been officially proved and is undisputed.

SUNDAY MORNING WONDERS.

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We're Going to Leave.

COMPELLED TO SACRIFICE THE ENTIRE STOCK OF FINE

Clothing, Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

At Less Than 50c. On the Dollar.

SALE COMMENCES FRIDAY, 8 A. M.

Fall and Winter Overcoats.

Men's all-wool Frieze and Melton Overcoats, in black and Oxford, good linings, made to sell for \$15.00. 7.50

Men's Winter Overcoats, in black, gray and Oxford, beaver, melton and vicuña, extra long full satin lined, made to sell for \$20.00 and \$25.00. 10.00

Men's Winter Overcoats, all made from imported cloths, black and new gray Oxford, full satin lined, made to sell for \$30.00 and \$35.00. 15.00

500 Winter Overcoats. 5.00

Men's Winter Suits.

Men's Winter Suits, all-wool fancy mixtures and black Thibet, made to sell for \$15.00 and \$18.00. 7.50

Men's Winter Suits, all made from imported French and English fabrics, high-class tailored, hand-felled collars, all this season's goods, richly lined with silk and satin, black, blue, Oxford gray, plain and striped fancy silk and wool, made to sell for \$30.00, \$35.00 and \$40.00. 10.00

500 Winter Suits. 5.00

Prince Albert Coat and Vest, full satin lined, \$35.00 and \$40.00 grade. 15.00

Full Dress and Tuxedo Silk-lined Suits, \$35.00 and \$40.00. 15.00

6,000 French and English. 3.00

Worsted Trousers. 3.00

Open Saturdays Until 10 P. M.

The Harris Store

235 BROADWAY, Opposite Post-Office.

That swagger 52-inch Tourist Belt Overcoat in black and Oxford Frieze and nobby fancy woollens. Broad shoulders—collars that hug the neck and just full enough to drape gracefully in the back. Trimmed with Clay worsted body lining and Venetian yoke sleeve lining. Then there's the Chesterfield Coat, not quite as extreme as the Tourist, but a mighty desirable style. Every one of 'em is a guaranteed full-fledged member of the \$18.00 and \$20.00 class. Friday and Saturday, \$11.00

SPECIAL FOR THE LITTLE FELLOW.

Sailor Suits, in sizes 2 1/2 to 8 years—heavy serge cloth—handsomely trimmed with silk and emblems. Silk sailor knot tie—colors of red, brown, royal and navy. A positive \$5 value—Friday and Saturday. \$2.45